

STORIES ABOUT LENIN



Vladimir Ilyich Lenin



There is a portrait hanging on the wall in the room.

Vasya said to his father:

Papa, tell me about him.

Do you know who he is?

I know. This is Lenin.

Yes, this is Vladimir Ilich Lenin. Our favorite and dear leader.

OK, listen. I was young then. Workers' life was miserable. The work was difficult. We used to work from morning till late nights and there were many of us working in the factory. Danilov was the owner of the factory. He never did anything but had a very rich life. Where did he get all that wealth? We worked for him but he paid us very little- he was looting us. He lived on our expenses. He had everything: factory, money, cars but we had nothing except our working hands.

So we had to go to work for him. Such situation was not only in Danilov's

factory but also in all other factories and plants.

Life of peasants in villages was also difficult. They had small fields whereas landlords owned extensive areas of lands. The poor peasants worked for landlords who were very rich. .

Landlords and capitalists were together and the richest landlord- tzar was also supporting them. He was the ruler of everyone. He introduced such rules which were in favor of only landlords and capitalists. However such system made the life of workers and peasants even worse.

Vladimir Ilyich Lenin was a friend of workers. He wanted to change such rules brought by the tzar. He wanted all the workers to have good life. He fought for the rights of workers.

Lenin started gathering those who supported workers. The more such people were united the stronger became the workers' party- Communists' Party.

The party realized that nothing could be achieved without fighting. All the workers of the world could see it as well.

The workers loved Lenin, whereas landlords and capitalists hated him. The police arrested him, sent him into jail, exiled him to Siberia just to get rid of him. So Lenin had to go abroad but he kept writing letters to workers guiding them about their actions. Later he came back and led workers to fight against the injustice.

In 1917, in the month of February, during the war the workers banished the tzar and then they banished landlords and capitalists on 7th November of the same year. They withdrew land and factories from them and introduced their own rules, they themselves made discussions and decisions about their work.

That was a new task for workers. Lenin and his party guided them through the hard way and helped them to set a new life. Lenin worked very hard as he had a lot to do. His health deteriorated and Vladimir Ilyich Lenin died in 1924.

We grieved a lot when he died but we will never forget his guiding words. We endeavor to follow all his advice. We are establishing our work and life afresh.

N. K. Krupskaya.

About Lenin

We were sitting on the meadow,
On the green river bank.
Slender and merry cherry tree,
Was blossoming luxuriantly.

Suddenly the wind blew,
By touching the branches of the tree-
And from the height onto our shoulders
It shed soft flowers of it.

Let the wind blow,
Let it throw flowers on us!
Since our group leader is reading
A story about Lenin.

How he studied and how he lived,
How he befriended with people...
And on a bright April day
We all think about him.

Bees are flying by,
Diligently looking for honey,
The cloud is floating away...
And our leader is reading:

“People lived as if in slavery,
They worked on others' fields,
For the poor- a real problem -

As no school was for them!

It was difficult for workers,
Peasants were also in need.
The Tzar put in prison
Everyone who opposed him.

Lenin knew the people's problem.
He decided: "We will fight!
The tzar thrones will fall, -
The slave-free labour will wipe them off!

We will banish the dusk of night!
The crimson sky will flare up!
And working people will defeat
All the rich and the tzar!"

He wanted that the life of people,
Should blossom as a cherry tree.
And the most desired freedom
Could be achieved by them.

Lenin gave school to children,
He gave light to peasants' homes...
As our own dear one,
We love him very much!

Birds were flying by,
By gaining heights,
We looked up
At an apple tree abloom.

Let our leader read
The story about Lenin,
Let our life blossom
As a cherry tree.

P. Tychina



Lenin's Childhood

Vladimir Ilyich Lenin was born in spring. Sun was shining and snow was melting.

Grass just started growing and you could see small heads of a fresh grass.

Lenin was also small and people called him not Vladimir Ilyich but Volodya.

Volodya had a nanny who had a small trunk. She kept her clothes in it. There were many different pictures pasted on the inner side of its lid. As soon as she used to open it, Volodya would already be there looking at those pictures. They both would look at them carefully. Nanny was an old, weak eye-sighted lady who wore specs.

Volodya would take her specs and wipe them diligently so that she could see better. He loved her a lot.

I. Ivensen

Volodya's games

As a teenager Volodya started playing different games- skittles (gorodki), hide-and-seek.

Volodya was fond of playing with his little brother Mitya. They would play horse riding. Volodya was a horse and Mitya- his rider.

Volodya would always kick, rein back and get away from harness. However hard Mitya tried to threaten him with a knout or control him by shouting- he could not stop him. Then Volodya would get angry and say:

"I don't want to be a rider if my horse doesn't obey me."

Volodya answered:



“You should learn how to deal with your horse without beating and shouting. You better let it rest and feed it with grass.”

Mitya agreed and they played in harmony: rider doesn't urge the horse and it runs well, smoothly. Mitya fed Volodya with grass and Volodya ate it in pretense.

1. Ivensen

April

All the forests turn green in April,
Fields and meadows are in bloom.
Small rivers turn blue again
And don't fit into riversides.

Children weaved a spring garland
For the portrait of Ilyich in school.
Because Lenin, who was born in April,
Is the leader of all the workers of the world.

M. Stelmah

A Lenin Word

In the innermost part of the yard of the Ulyanovs' there was a small outhouse with three small windows. Kolya Nefediev with his mother moved into it. The first morning at a new place Kolya came out of his house and started examining around. In the middle of the yard there was a pole with strings- giant steps. Deep inside the yard there was a lattice fence behind which a dark big garden was visible; aside there was a well with a pump for watering the garden.

First of all Kolya ran up to the giant steps. At this moment a shortish boy with bright brown eyes came out from the Ulyanovs' house who with firm steps walked towards him.



- What is your name?.. Kolya? I am Volodya. Let's play together.

Boys ran around the giant steps, went to the well, then Kolya Nefediev pointed towards the fence:

Is that your garden?

Our, - answered Volodya.

Let's go there, may we?

Of course!

They ran into the garden. Kolya saw long rows of apple trees, bushes of raspberry, currants, gooseberries. And there was a tall cherry tree full of berries. Kolya's mother, Elena Grigorievna, was a poor seamstress and couldn't afford fruits for him. He pulled Volodya's hand:

Let's pick some cherries.

Volodya answered shortly:

It is not allowed.

Kolya was surprised:

Why not allowed?

Because my mother ordered not to touch anything in the garden till 14th of July. Fourteenth is my father's birthday and on that day we will gather cherries. Not before that. I gave my word.

Kolya couldn't resist:

We will have a little. Nobody will see.

Volodya turned to him, looked straight at him and said:

I gave my word. It means no!

Boys played in the garden for a long time. Volodya neither picked a single cherry nor let Kolya do so. And on 14th of July all the family members of the Ulyanovs- Maria Alexandrovna, Ania, Sasha, Olya, Volodya and Ilia Nikolaevich came to the garden with baskets for the gathering of berries. Kolya had sweet cherries and currants to his heart's content.

S. Mirer

Volodya Ulyanov's Education

Volodya took admission in the gymnasium at the age of nine and half as a student of the first class.

... He studied easily and eagerly. Besides his good capabilities, his father taught him perseverance, preciseness and accuracy in the completion of any task just the way he taught his elder brother and sister.

Teachers would say that Volodya's attention towards the explanations of the lessons helps him a lot. With his good capability he could remember the new lesson within the class and at home he had to just revise a bit. That's why, as we all elders start with our work at the big table in the kitchen with a common lamp, Volodya would already finish all his work and disturb us by chatting, being naughty and teasing kids.



Senior classes used to get lots of home work those years. “Volodya, enough!”, “Mom, Volodya is not letting me to study!”. But Volodya was tired of sitting still and he would fool and walk around. Sometimes mother would take all small ones into the hall where they sang children songs to the accompaniment of her piano.

... When father was at home he would rescue us, elders, and take Volodya away into his cabinet and check his homework. Usually Volodya knew everything. So father would ask him old Latin words throughout his notebook. But Volodya used to answer them without any stumbling...

Volodya graduated from the gymnasium with a gold medal and took admission in Law Department at Kazan University...

Those years Tzar Government oppressed not only workers and peasants but also students.

Real police bloodhounds were appointed as “students’ inspectors”, all guiltless students’ groups were closed, all the

organizations were disbanded, many were arrested and expelled. In all universities students started protesting. So-called student disorders took place in Kazan University as well. Vladimir Ilyich also participated in unresolved meetings and he was in the list of expelled students from the university like others and was banished from Kazan to village Kukushkino.

Thus, school education was over for Vladimir Ilyich at the age of 17. But he was so conscious that he could complete his education independently without anybody's help.

During those three years of his life- first in Kazan then in Samara- Ilyich became a revolutionist who was courageous, confident, fearless of any difficulties and who gave all his power to the workers' cause.

From the memories of **A. I. Ulyanova**

Hut Above The Lake

Not across the deep blue seas,
Not across the far and high mounts,
But in the lands with thick forests,
With deep blue lakes on the edge
Two brothers with fair hair
Lived with parents in a hut.

One day mother ordered them:
To make the hut neat and clean.
Not to be naughty and be quiet: as tomorrow from the city
A guest is arriving at dawn.

The guest arrived. He brought in his stuff with a smile.
- Good morning, kids! - he said.
As children didn't speak Russian

So they answered in Finnish.

The guest stayed in their hut,
And became friendly with boys.
He was always kind and gentle with them,
As the father would with his own kids.

As soon as the sun rises from behind the mountains,
The guest wakes up and comes out.
And there in the morning silence
Kids are waiting for the guest.

The elder friend holds their hands,
They walk to forest through a meadow.
Hundred year old pine trees meet them,
By waving their thick tops.
And above the Kafi-yarvi lake, in summer
White daises are blossoming for them.

Children run and laugh with the guest,
They spend the whole summer day together!
He goes fishing with the kids,
And teaches them Russian language.

He brings berries from the forest with them,
And with their father he mows hay.
In the evenings when its quiet at home
He thinks and writes till late nights.

One day father and the guest
Had a talk at the river bank:

- My kind friend, I know who you are,

And whom you think about and care for:
You fight against rich
To protect simple and working people.
Since you are close and dear to our hearts,
Since you pose fear for them,
They threaten you with jail,
And to separate you from us with a wall.
But there are so many of us, workers,
The way is bright in front of us.
To go for a brave and honest fight,
All the workers are ready to follow you!

The days have passed quickly on by one.
Soon children were seeing off the guest.

Since that day, lake and home,
And forests and mountains- everything around
In an inviolable secrecy and peace
Were guarding his precious name.
Pine trees were rustling softly
As if they didn't want to disclose to the kids,
Who he was, very affectionate with them?
Why are masters afraid of him?
Why nation follows him?
How will he rescue poor from misery?
Why is it so dear to us
The name "Lenin", the fame of our days?

Since then decades have passed.
Dear guest is no more among us.
But his memory lives forever:

From our childhood we know- Lenin is with us!
The fame of Lenin is rising more and more,
The name of Lenin is immortal in the entire world,
Words of Lenin- unshakable through centuries,
Work of Lenin- in Party's hands!

N. Zabila

Ordinary Mittens

Grandpa Andrei has a wooden chest. There are many interesting things in that chest. There is a Red Army helmet in which grandpa protected young Soviet country from the enemy, there is an old smoked pipe- happiness of a soldier and various carpenters' tools.

And then among these unusual things there is a pair of ordinary mittens made of rough sheep wool with simple knitting which is darned all over. Why is he keeping them?

Curiosity overcame grandchildren of Andrei. They wanted to know everything.

One day grandfather told them:

- OK, listen then. I will tell you what gloves are these. Not an ordinary story.

Soon after October Revolution, in winter of 1917, I was standing on the post at Smolny where the first Soviet Government was located.

I was standing there and holding my rifle with bare hands. Sentries had neither mittens nor gloves those days. It was a hard time- cold and scanty. We had just overthrown the bourgeois. They were angry with our national power.

- Be vigilant, soldier, - sentry chief, brave sailor, warned me- Lenin himself is in that house. You must realize how we should protect him!

I know, of course. I am a young soldier but I took part in October battles, fought with military cadets. My rifle is ready to shoot. I am very alert. However the night is chilly. White sleet is falling from the sky. Stinging and severe wind is tearing our helmets. Hands are shivering.



I was chilled to the bone. I was stamping my feet, shivering and warming my fingers with my breath and was thinking to myself: "I am still in a better situation, what is the condition of our soldiers in trenches and in the open field". I started dreaming about my own warm house and peaceful life. Suddenly some car puffed towards me by lighting up its electric eyes so suddenly that I stepped aside but kept my rifle forward.

Some person in a civilian dress got off the car by giving me a squinting look. He noticed how I got scared of the car, smiled and wanted to pass to Smolny.

I got angry and wanted to ask more severely:

"Your-r permit?"

But my lips were frozen and instead of threatening words I, as a angry goose, could only whisper something unclear.

However, the stranger understood that I was demanding his permit. He searched for it in both of his pockets but couldn't find it. And severe wind was tearing his coat's skirt, and its sleeves. It was blowing through all around. He was frozen.

After all he found his permit. He held out it to me but I couldn't have a good look of the stamp and signature as required. I couldn't unclench my fingers as they were stuck onto the rifle.

He noticed that and said with sympathy:

- You feel terribly cold here, comrade.

He held out the permit closer so that I could have a proper look of a stamp. He showed it and went upstairs.

That's it. He left and I felt ill at ease: why I was keeping a person in such a spiteful wind? His coat and shoes were thin...

Suddenly chief of sentry, who was brave sailor, came running to me. He was wearing his peakless cap and unbuttoned pea-jacket. His rifle was in his one hand and sword in the other and two grenades in his belt.

- Naimanov Andrei, you are completely frozen, brother?

- It's OK, I can stand it.

- Then why did you complain to the higher-ups?

- I didn't complain to anybody...

- Oh yes, tell me! Then why Vladimir Ilich gave scolding to his assistants because of you? He said that our brother was not properly taken care of, that post sentries are frozen at the post. He ordered to get fur coats immediately. He sent to us his own kettle which was boiled for him, so that we could warm ourselves with tea by replacing each other... You should also have asked him for a coffee! You are very smart, though!

- It was Lenin himself? - I asked again as I couldn't believe to what I heard.

The sailor began to laugh:

- How cranky you are! You couldn't recognize Lenin! You were probably thinking that Lenin is a kind of Hercules or a giant... I'll say! He overthrew the tzar, defeated millions of bourgeois... He says a word and the whole world hears it! This is all true- the power in him is extraordinary. But as a person he is very simple, ordinary. Our comrade, Lenin. Better to say Ilyich. Now you now whom you are protecting. The leader of the Revolution! Be vigilant, soldier!

He explained it all and went to his guardroom.

As he reached the porch, he looked back and shouted joyfully:

- After half an hour we will replace you! Come to have tea!

The sailor left and I felt hot. My heart was filled with inspiration. How could I keep Lenin in cold chilling wind?

I was replaced very soon, treated to tea from Lenin's tea-pot by laughing soldier-friends. Suddenly I was summoned:

- Andrei Naimanov, comrade Ulyanov-Lenin wants to see you!

I went tottering.

Here is the cabinet. All the sentries are my known workers. They look at me cautiously by saying that some mistake was done by me.

I don't remember how I entered and announced my arrival. I placed my hand against my hat as an army man. I could see relaxed face of Vladimir Ilich. He was looking at me kindly. He took out these mittens and held them out to me and said:

- Here are they, take them, please. Some kind woman gifted them to me. She herself knitted them.

Mittens were very nice: thick and warm. Two fingers of the right hand were tied separately for the comfortable shooting with a rifle. Though they were very suitable for us, soldiers, I felt shy to take them.

Lenin noticed it.

- Don't worry, take them. You need them more than I. Anyways I have my gloves.

He put the mittens in my hands so gently that it touched my heart.

I expressed my gratitude and turned round...

Grandpa Andrei stopped speaking, closed his eyes with his palm as if he again wanted to see that picture which was dear to his heart.

He sighed and said:

- It was a long time ago but I remember it very clearly... Yes, I received such a dear, precious gift from comrade Lenin.

- It's precious, but you didn't keep them properly! - exclaimed grand-daughter Natasha, who was a pioneer. - They are darned all over. How could you let Lenin's gift to get torn, grandpa?

- I didn't have any option. They were torn again and again and I was mending them.

- You should have hidden them, grandpa! - said grand-daughter Marisha by splashing her hands.

Grandpa Andrei grinned:

- No need to hide them, they are not diamonds but ordinary mittens. Lenin gifted them to me in purpose, for the great use.

- So that he could hold his rifle well in his hands and beat the enemy, don't you understand! - Yasha shouted at his sisters.

- That's what I was doing, I never let enemy enter and protected all kind people- he said putting away the mittens into the chest.

Ya. Piniasov

Ilich and a Girl

I will start reading a poem,
And I will tell you, kids,
How in hunger one day
Ilyich met a girl.

So that our red star
Could always stay with us,

Those mis-

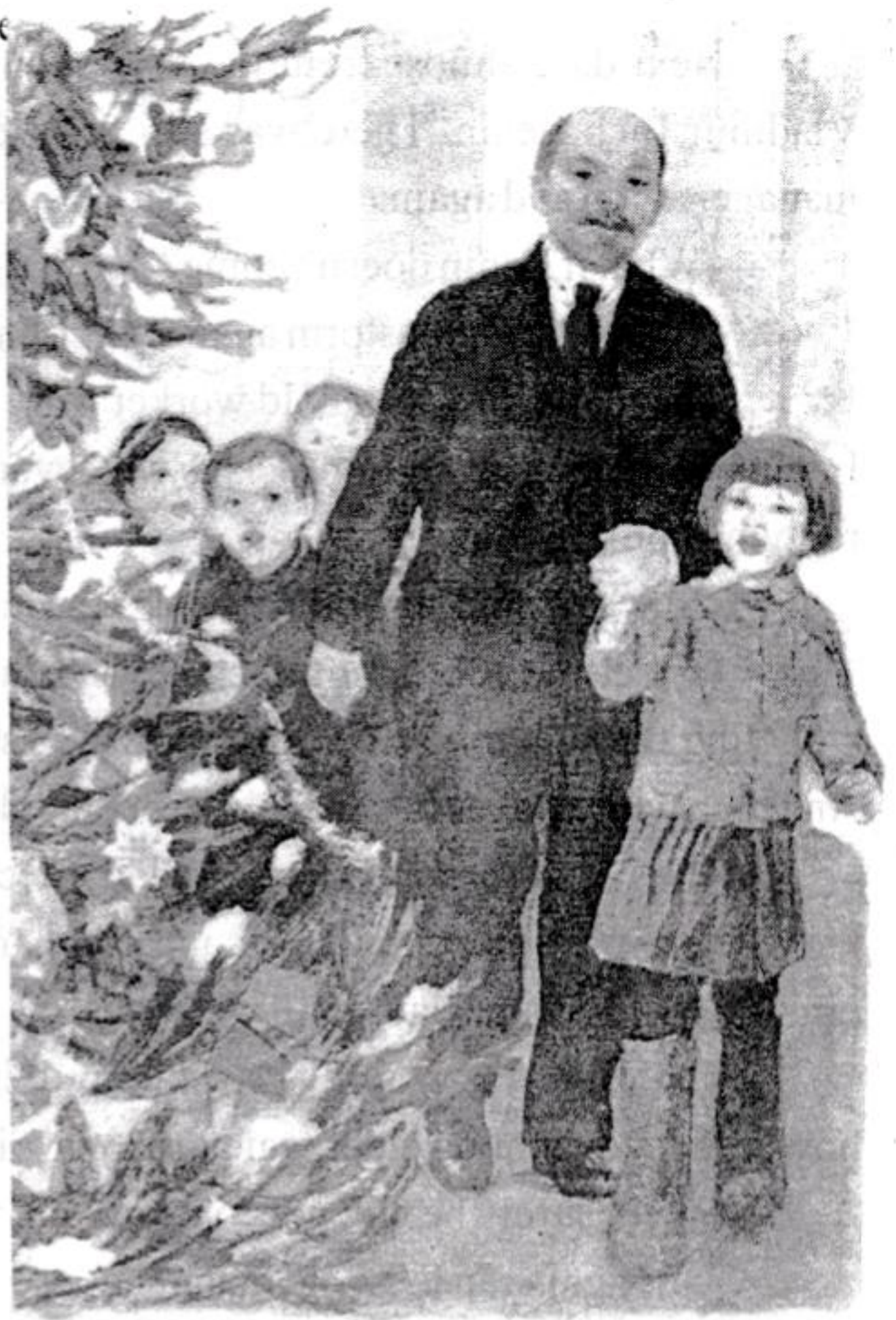
We were fighting with an enemy.

Though Lenin was very busy,
He took that girl with him,
He warmed her and fed her,
And took out a book with pictures.

Among big and important things
He could see small things as well...
He knew how to love people,
And knew the hatred as well.

He hated all the rich,
And the czar and Generals,
But he loved simple people,
And small kids as well.

All the kids of our days
Growing up as a garden in spring.
So let them work and try
To become as Lenin!



M. Rylskiy

New Year Party at Sokolniki

The place where we could get a New Year's tree wasn't so far. At Sokolniki they chose a good bushy tree, cut it down and brought it into the forest school.

Kids were watching how they fastened the tree with two crosswise knocked planks so that it would stand firm on the floor. Then electrician Volodya brought wire to illuminate the tree and hang electric bulbs on to its branches.

Next day, almost from the very morning everybody started waiting for Vladimir Ilich Lenin. There was still time left but kids were asking the school manager again and again:

- What if Lenin doesn't come?

- If there's a snowstorm again, will Lenin come or not?

The manager was an old worker from Petrograd. He was acquainted with Lenin before the Revolution. That's why everybody was asking him. And he was replying confidently:

- Since he said he would come, it means he will come.

In fact in the evening the snowstorm became severer. The wind started whistling through pine-trees, dry snow was spinning on the ground like a snake. And then white flakes began to fall from the sky.

The New Year's tree was already decorated. All the toys were made by kids. There were bears, bunnies and elephants. And the best of all there was a pink-cheeked Santa Claus with white beard.

The time was passing, but Lenin didn't arrive yet. And then kids heard how somebody among elders said in a low voice:

- Well, surely he will not come in such a snowstorm.

Kids again ran to an old manager.

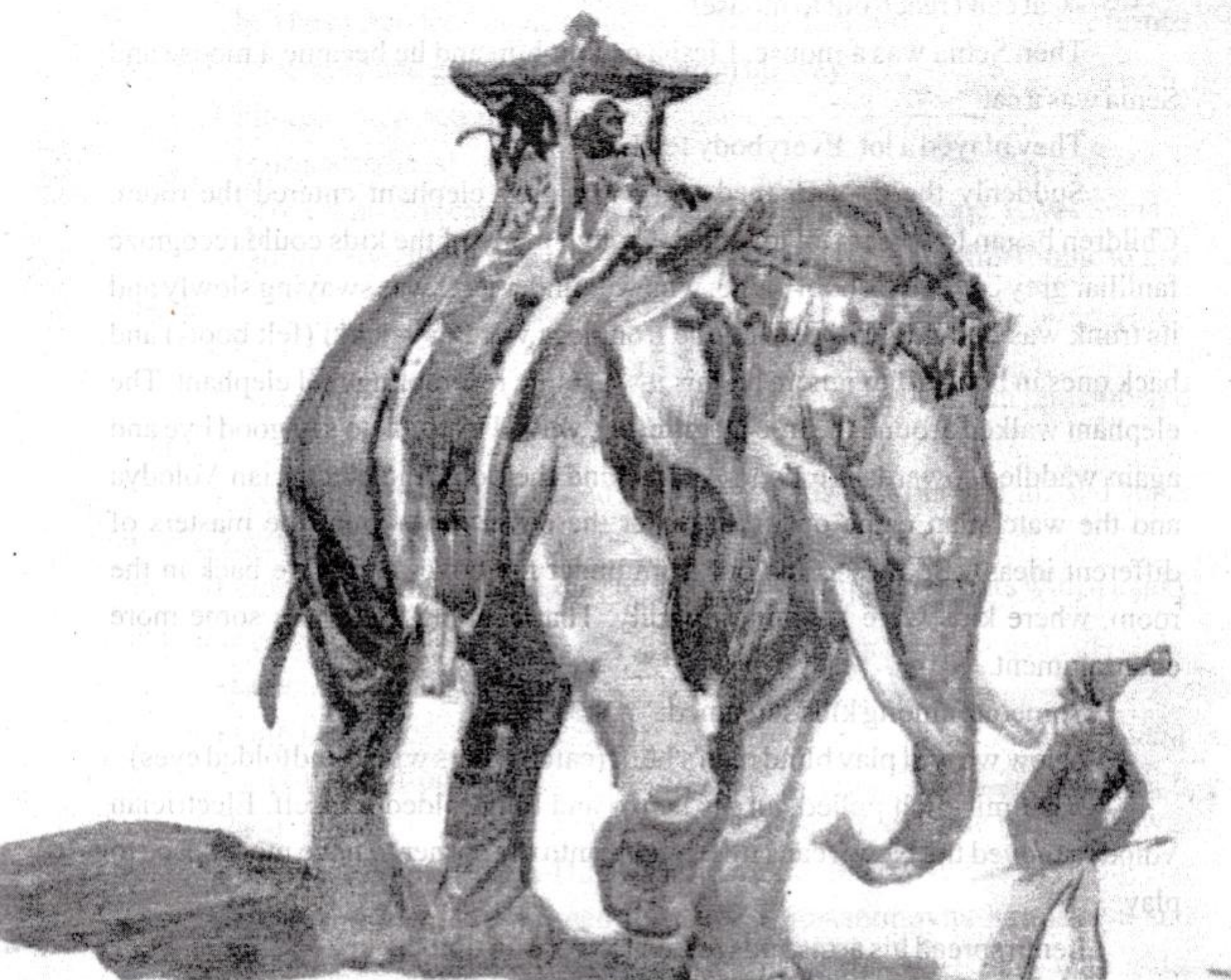
Manager said very strictly:

- Stop troubling me! I am telling you: if he said he would come it means he will.

Again they waited. The wind was spinning outside, dry snow was striking on windows. And due to this noise nobody heard how a car drove up to the school. Vladimir Ilich got off the car.

He came upstairs, took off his coat, wiped his face which was wet due to melting snow. And immediately went into the room where kids were waiting for him.

They recognized him at once; as they saw his portrait many times. However they got bewildered at first- they stood motionless at one place. They were looking at Lenin without a word.



Vladimir Ilich didn't wait for a long. He playfully squinted and asked:

- Who knows how to play cat-and-mouse (hide and seek)?

The first to answer was the eldest girl Vera: I know!

- And I know- Liesha shouted loudly.

- Well, then you will be a cat, - said Vladimir Ilyich.

All children stood around the New Year's tree. Katia was selected as a mouse. Liesha started running after Katia and it was easy for him to catch her. But she grasped at Lenin and Vladimir Ilyich took her up in his hands.

- Cat can't reach out to mouse!

Then Senia was a mouse. Liesha caught him and he became a mouse and Senia was a cat.

They played a lot. Everybody felt hot.

Suddenly the door opened and a big grey elephant entered the room. Children began to scream all together. Though many of the kids could recognize familiar grey cover of school piano, who was under it? It was swaying slowly and its trunk was budging in the front; the front legs were in valenki (felt boots) and back ones in boots. If to ignore all this it was quite resembling real elephant. The elephant walked around the tree by grunting, waved its trunk to say good bye and again waddled towards the door. And behind the door, the electrician Volodya and the watchman came out from under the cover: both were the masters of different ideas. So they came out from under the cover and were back in the room, where kids were laughing joyfully. That evening there was some more entertainment.

Someone among kids screamed:

- Now we will play blind man's buff. (catch others with blindfolded eyes)

Vladimir Ilich pulled out his hanky and blindfolded himself. Electrician Volodya moved the New Year's tree quickly into the corner to have more space to play.

Lenin spread his arms and walked forward on tiptoe.

Children scattered around. Then they started sneaking upto Vladimir Ilich and shouted:

- Hot!

When Vladimir Ilich was very close they shouted:

- You will burn!

They squatted down when he was too close and he wouldn't get them, he would walk by.

Then children would scream:

- Cold, you will be frozen!

Lenin understood that kids were very quick, that they played neatly and

that his attempt of catching them would last forever.

Then he pretended that he would be walking forward but instead he turned back unexpectedly and grabbed the first one on his way.

Children screamed according to the game:-

- Tell us who he is!

The one who was caught was laughing and trying to escape. It was Senia.

Vladimir Ilyich felt his hair, he passed his fingers over his forehead and cheeks:

- Senia!

Senia was sad that he was caught but also pleased that Lenin remembered his name.

Later little girl Katya recited a poetry of Pushkin but she missed some words and started crying.

Lenin comforted her and she stopped crying, wiped her tears with a hanky and said:

- Lenin, stay with us. Don't go away!

Lenin laughed:

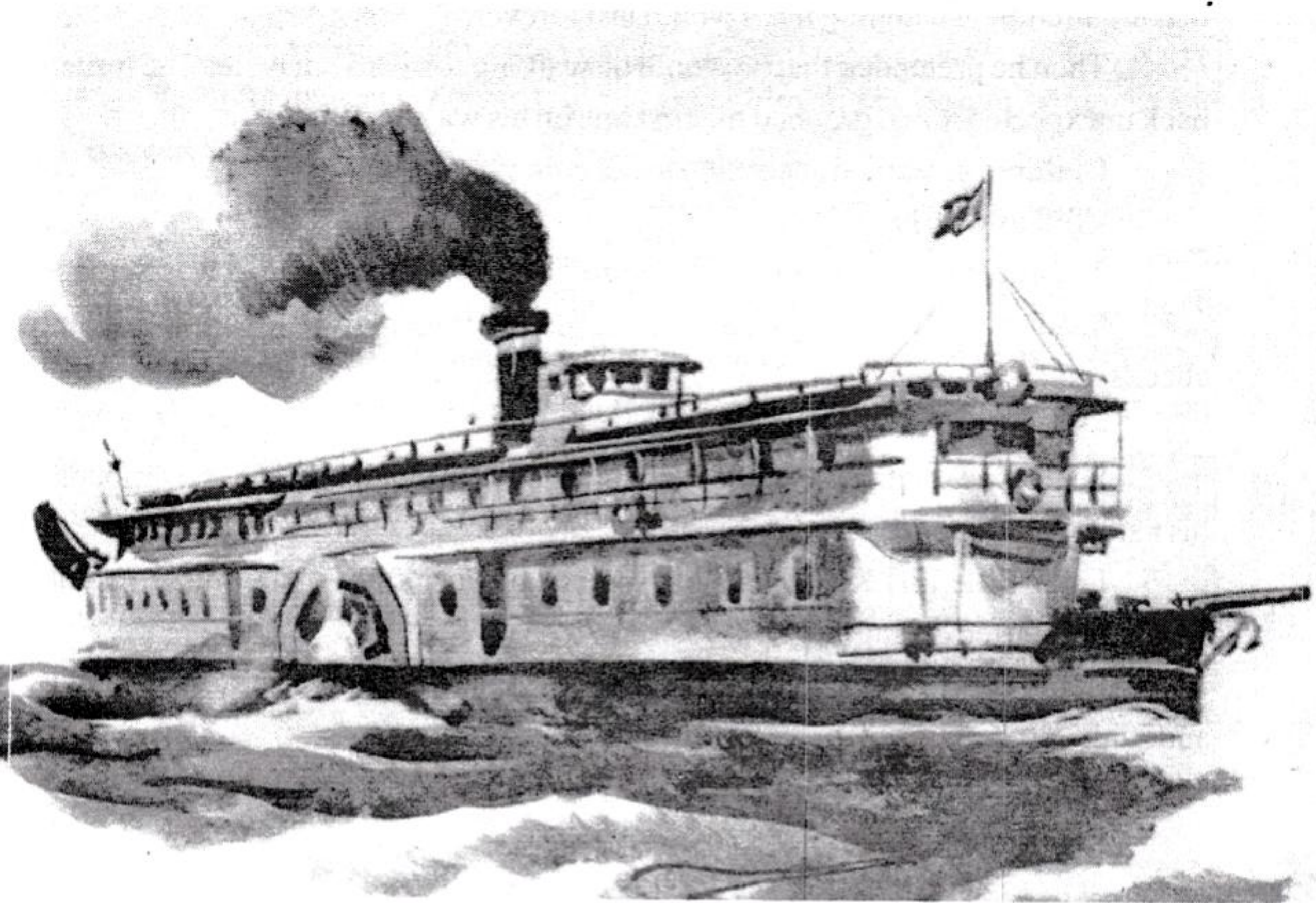
- I live not far from here.

Then all began running around the New Year's tree. Little girl Katya was running next to Vladimir Ilich. He was holding her hand. He had very big and warm hands. And this very moment Nadejda Konstantinovna Krupskaya and Marya Ilinichna, sister of Vladimir Ilyich brought in a big basket with gifts. These toys were brought for kids by Lenin. Some kids got cars, others- trumpets and drums. Katya received a doll.

Lenin left the room without being noticed and drove away.

This was a New Year celebration on the outskirts of Moscow at Sokolniki in 1919.

A. Kononov



Society Of Clean Plates

Everybody took their seats around the table on the terrace: there were three children at the table: two girls and a boy. They tied up napkins and sat quietly waiting for the soup to be served. Vladimir Ilyich kept looking at them and was speaking softly. The soup was served. Kids didn't eat soup well, their soup-plates were left almost full. Vladimir Ilyich looked at them disapprovingly but said nothing. Main course was served. The same thing happened- again most of the food was left in plates.

- Are you the member of the society of clean plates? - he asked the girl Nadya loudly who was sitting beside him.

- No, - she replied softly and looked at other kids in bewilderment.

- What about you? ... And you? - he asked the boy and the other girl.

No, we are not members! - kids replied.

How is it so? Why you got so late with that?

- We didn't know anything about this society!- they were saying hurriedly.

- What a pity! It has been there for a long time.

- And we didn't know!- Nadia said with disappointment.

- You are not fit for that society though. Anyways you won't be accepted in it, - Vladimir Ilich said strictly.

- Why? Why not? - kids were asking interrupting one another.

- What do you mean by 'why'? Look at your plates! How can they accept you when you leave your food in your plates!

- We will finish it now!

And kids started eating all the food left in their plates.

- If you improve yourselves, we can try... There those who always have clean plates get badges continued Vladimir Ilyich.

- And badges! ... What badges? - kids were inquiring How can we join that society?

- You should hand in an application

- To whom?

- To me.

Kids asked for the permission to leave the table and went running to write an application.

After some time they returned to the terrace and solemnly handed an application to Vladimir Ilyich.

Vladimir Ilyich read it, corrected three mistakes and wrote in the corner: "Got to be accepted".

I. Bonch- Bruevich

White Mushrooms

Vladimir Ilyich was fond of gathering mushrooms. One day he with kids decided to go to forest for mushrooms.

That morning children got up very early and came running into the park with their baskets, where they were supposed to meet Lenin.

It was quiet and sunny morning. The leaves of trees sprinkled with dew were shimmering as green pieces of glass.

- We came early. Probably, Vladimir Ilyich is still sleeping, - Sergei said.

Suddenly there was a voice of Lenin from behind:

- I have been waiting for you.

Lenin was in a good and cheerful mood. As a real mushroomer he was carrying a birch-bark bag on his shoulder.

On the meadow where they were walking everything awoke with the dawn, came alive. Flowers awoken by the sun were bending towards the East, the bees were humming, half open lilies floated to the surface of the lake.

- Let's have a competition who gathers white mushrooms the most- said Vladimir Ilich.

- Let's do it!- shouted kids and scattered around. They were hallooming to one another in order to stay together and not to lose their way.

- Halloo! I found a white mushroom! - shouted Vera.

- Me too, - answered Vladimir Ilyich and halloomed in a drawling voice: Halloo-oo!

Sergei was walking next to Lenin. Vladimir Ilyich was finding many white mushrooms.

- Aha, hello hero, - he was saying to every new mushroom he was finding, - ok, get into the basket and join the others.

And he was cutting the mushrooms carefully near the roots.

Sergei couldn't find any white mushrooms. He gathered only chanterelles. And how not to get them since there were everywhere under your feet!

- I already gathered five white mushrooms! - shouted Youra who was the eldest among the boys.

- And I have seven of them, - boasted Vera and came running to Lenin.

Sergei kept quiet as no one would boast of finding chanterelles.

They all met in a plain and bright birch grove. Children were showing their findings to Lenin by interrupting each other and each of them were offering Lenin the best of their mushrooms: firm, thick-legged and with resilient brown hats.

Only Sergei was standing aside silently.

- Hey, you, mushroomer, couldn't find any white one! - kids were laughing at him.

Vladimir Ilich came to sad Sergei.

- Oho, you have full basket! - he was surprised. You gathered more than anybody. Didn't he, boys?

- Yes, he did, - everybody agreed.

- And these chanterelles are the most delicious mushrooms. And how I couldn't find any of them? - he said.

- Sergei, let's exchange. I'll give you white mushrooms and you - chanterelles.

Vladimir Ilich chose five young and good white mushrooms, even better than those that kids were boasting about and he put them into Sergei's basket. Sergei poured out his chanterelles without grudging because it was for Lenin.

- But exchange without return, - Lenin said and everybody laughed.

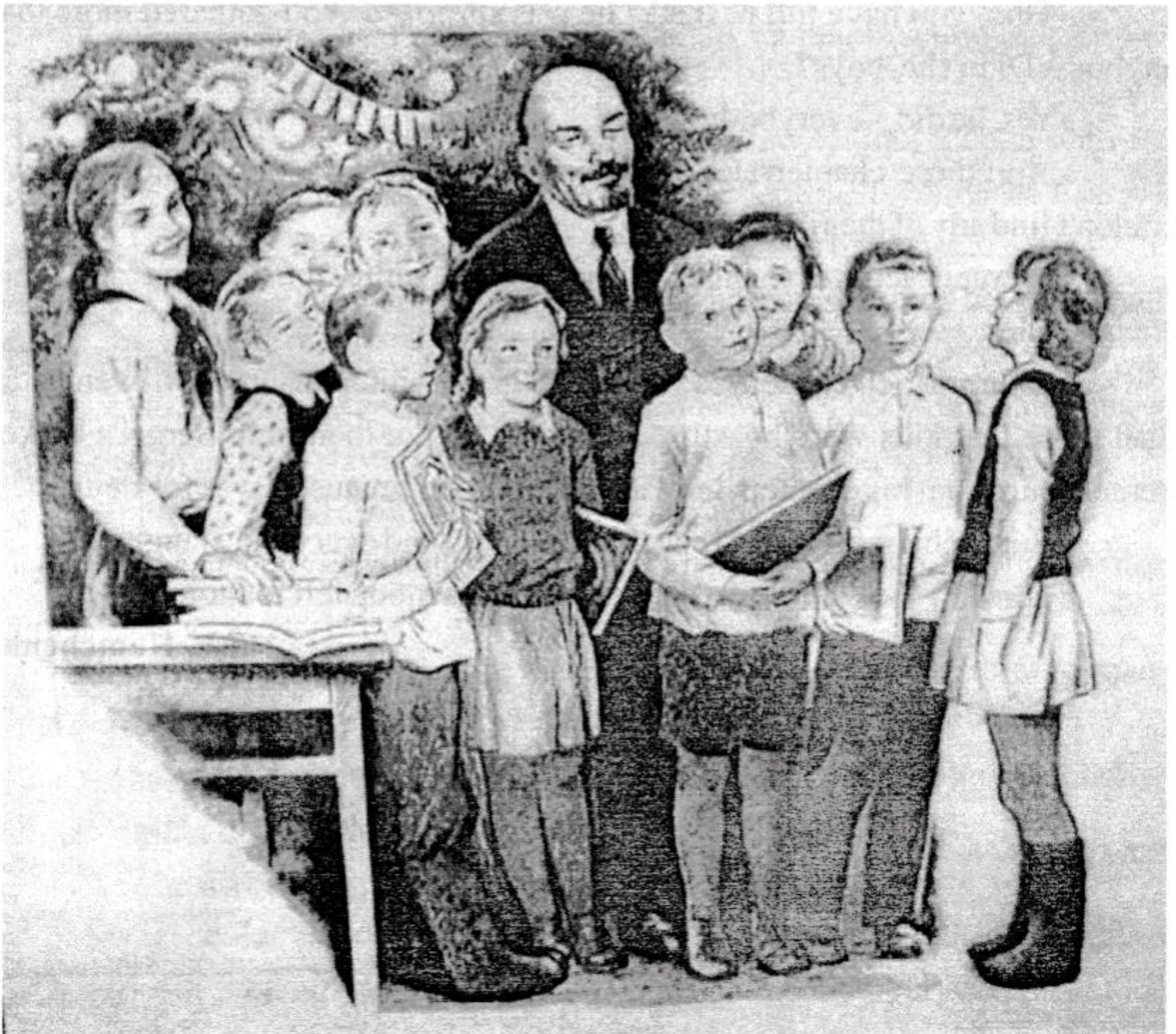
Then they took some rest on the grass and at noon left for homes.

V. Homchenko

Children's Song About Lenin

Kind and gentle grandfather Lenin
He is watching us from the portrait:
How we are drawing and playing,
How happy we are now.
We are still small, we are still weak,
But we are gaining our strength:
Grandfather Lenin took care of us-
And to hurt us he forbid.

M. Isakovskiy



Light Bulb of Lenin

In the evening when an old Savurbai returned from the field, kids surrounded him. Today they found some old can on the attic which was smelling of a kerosene.

- Papa, what is it? - Lobar asked.

- This is an oil-lamp.

- And it can be lit? Lobar asked.

- Earlier it did, - answered Savurbai. - When ignited, the whole room would be filled with soot.

- And why we were not lighting this lamp those years? - Lobar asked and pointed at electric bulb which was on under the ceiling.

- There were no such bulbs back then, - said Savurbai.

- Then where did you get it from?

- Lenin gave it to us.

- Grandfather Lenin?

- Yes, grandfather Lenin.

- What about that lamp which is above the bed of Nasiba? - continued Lobar.

- Also grandfather Lenin.

- And that one which is lit in Turgun's house, where is that from?

- That was also given by Lenin.

- It means all the bulbs are given by Lenin? - repeated his question Lobar.

- Yes, all the bulbs which are lighting our homes were given by grandfather Lenin said Sarubai softly.

Children took kerosene lamp found in the attic, carried it out and threw it into the dustbin. Then they came back into the room and under the light of a bulb gifted by grandfather Lenin they started watching the pictures in the book.

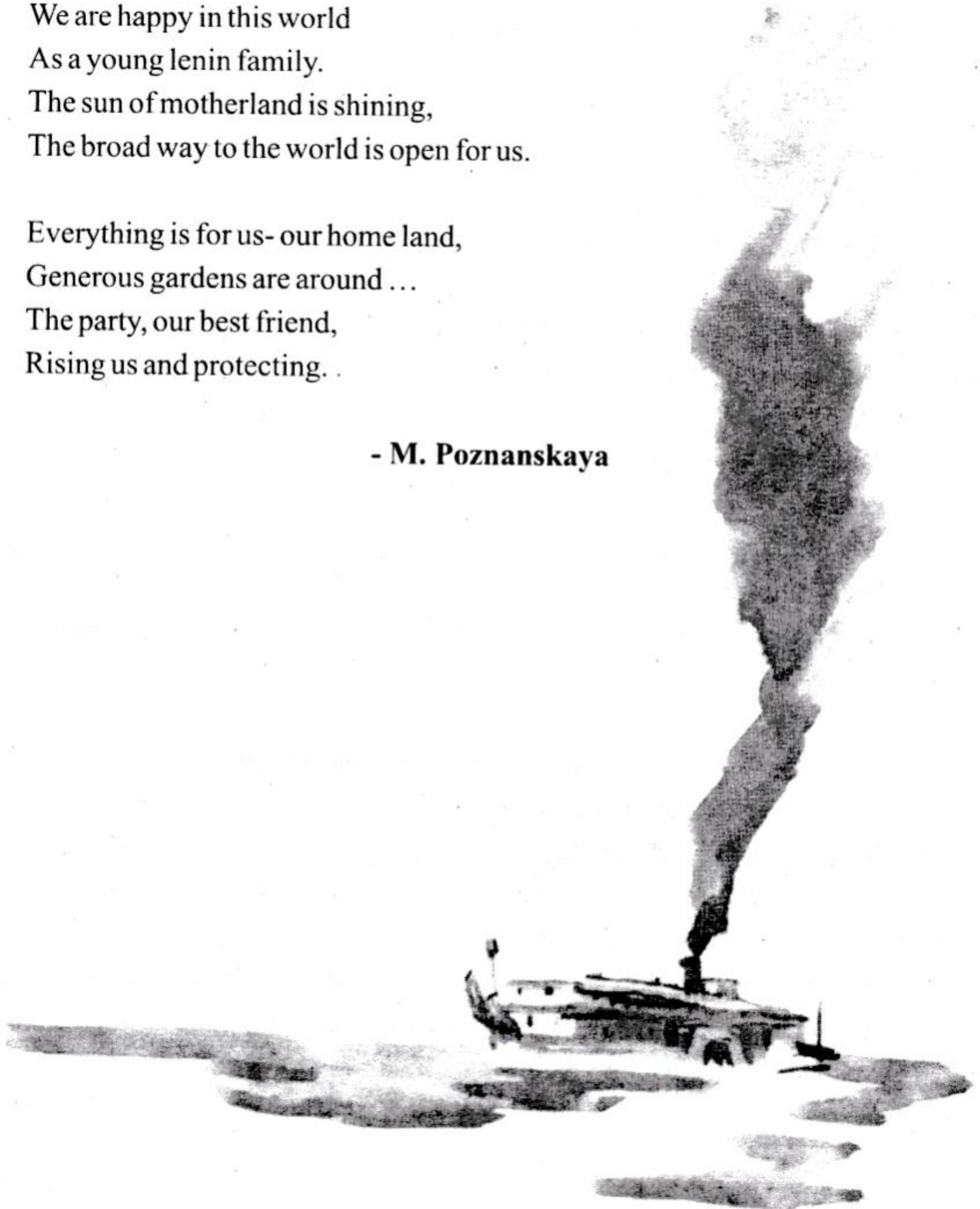
- **Mirmuhsin**

We Are Happy in this World

We are happy in this world
As a young lenin family.
The sun of motherland is shining,
The broad way to the world is open for us.

Everything is for us- our home land,
Generous gardens are around ...
The party, our best friend,
Rising us and protecting. .

- M. Poznanskaya





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ISBN 818971915-7



9788189719159